



THE TIGER

Christmas
'09

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To The
Class of 1913
This Christmas Tiger
is Dedicated

With confidence in their ability to
succeed in all they undertake during
their four years in our school
community.

At Christmas Time

'Tis Christmas now in other climes,
Through the cold air ring the chimes
Of deep-toned Christmas bells;
Bleak are the fields, bare each tree;
No more the splashing brook is free,
No more its music wells.

The lake is shrouded in frozen gray;
Against the sky, the black firs lay
Their ice-encrusted boughs.
Deep in the forest the holly gleams;
The mistletoe twists and bends, and seems
To sigh, as with the wind it bows.

The breath of Winter, cold and chill
Is in each valley, on each hill,
And all is sere.
The bells ring out o'er wastes of snow
That drifts and sifts and piles and blows
Bemoaning the death of the year.

Snowflakes falling,
Snowbirds calling,
Carolers singing,
Wild bells ringing,
Storm winds crying, with each other vieing,—
At Christmas time
In another clime,
And over all a sweet peace broods,
The world-old peace of Christmas time.

'Tis Christmas now in the glorious West,
There's a note of joy in the eagle's breast,
 As over the trees he soars.
Azure the skies, the fields are green,
The cloudlets shadow the grassy sheen,
 Where the golden sunlight pours.

Vagrant winds from the ocean blow ;
The rivers gleam and flash and flow
 Between the tall, wild grasses.
At night, light breezes play and dally,
Sighing, whispering through the valley,
 And down the mountain passes.

Holly twines with Christmas blooms,
Roses gleam white against evergreen plumes ;
 Trailing vines their tendrils fling
Into the haze hanging blue over all.
And the golds and browns of dusky Fall
 Seem to pass into greens of Spring.

Rivers gleaming,
Sunshine streaming,
Wild flowers growing,
Sweet winds blowing,
Green grass shimmering, ocean glimmering ;—
 At the Christmas feast
 In the glorious West.
But over all a sweet peace broods,
 The world-old peace of Christmas time.

CATHERINE BOYCE, '12.

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His Chance*

ARTHUR W. WYNNE, '10.

Dragging himself wearily across the field, his head resting almost on his chest, through the rain and mud, came Dick Waters, captain and left end of Brown College. It was not so much because he was tired, but that he felt the sting of defeat.

It was already dusk. The other players had gone long before. At the gate he met the coach, Dan Jones, who had been waiting for him.

"Never mind that, Dick, old boy," said the coach, trying to brace him up; but it did no good. Waters turned for his last look at the sea of mud, where his team and his hopes had been drowned, and to him the field seemed desolation itself.

"Dan," he said, "Colgate beat us fair and square—not that they were a better team, they weren't, you know that; a tie would have better shown our relative strength—but because luck broke with them. That's all."

For a while still his eyes gazed on the water-covered gridiron, then the thought that had been budding blossomed forth.

"This is my last year; in June I graduate, but I'm coming back! I'm going to take a 'P. G.' I'm going to see this through. I did want to beat them so! I'm coming back; I shall not be captain and I may not even make the team, but I'm coming back for another chance."

Such is the fighting spirit of a football player. All his pent-up feeling broke loose. Jones, as he looked through the tears that blinded his eyes, saw that Waters' cheeks were wet, too, and not with rain.

The rain came down harder; Waters still gazed at the field; the coach tugged at his arm, and in silence the two left the field.

* * * * *

Washington Field was a mass of crimson, blue and white. Every seat in both grandstand and bleachers was filled, and standing room was at a premium. The conditions were ideal for football, so different from that of the year before when Brown and Colgate had met.

Spirit ran higher than ever before, Brown eager to avenge her defeat and Colgate to gain her second victory. The rooting sections vied with each other in a joking way long before the game was to commence, but as the hour of the game grew nearer their yells became more for their teams.

* This story is based on an account of "Stories of Football Strategy," by William T. Reid, in the American Magazine for October.

Both teams came on the field amid the cheers of their supporters. Owing to the closeness of competition for the team and also because it was not known whether some of the players, due to injuries, would be in condition to play, Brown's line-up had not been given out, the team being picked just before the game.

As they lined up waiting for the game to start, Brown's rooters cheered the individual players lustily. When the cheers died down, all noticed the omission of one name—Waters. From all over the rooting section came cries of "You forgot Dick; you forgot Waters!" The leader shouted back, through his big megaphone, "Waters only subbing; he was hurt early in the season and it kind of put him out of the running; so he's warming the bench to-day."

The rooters looked on the field and noticed for the first time that Waters was missing. They were disappointed, as he was always their favorite; they liked his fighting spirit and knew he had come back to help beat Colgate.

The whistle blew and the game was on. Soon those in the stand forgot the man in a crimson jersey, who, more anxious than the players on the field, raced up and down the side-lines following each play. He would have given years of his life to be in it; but with that spirit every loyal "sub" should have, a thought wishing for the injury of the man who had his place—a better man—never entered his mind; such a thing would weaken the team.

The ball zigzagged back and forth, now in Brown's territory, now in Colgate's; but neither side could gain advantage. Time after time each side gained for a few "downs," only to be held and forced to kick.

Waters' hopes rose and fell as the ball went up and down the field.

Up in the bleachers Brown's rooters had long forgotten Waters, as their left end, Burr, was playing the star game.

Down after down, he tackled Clay, the great Colgate half, and their mainstay, behind the line, as he attempted runs around Burr's end.

The first half ended with no score, but Burr's name was on every tongue.

In a few minutes the game was on again, more fierce than ever. The crimson left end was still playing a star game; only his good work was stopping Colgate from making long gains. The tackle next to him being weak, he was called upon to do much of the tackle's work, besides his own, which was itself great because Colgate's rushes were directed mainly at and outside the weak left tackle.

Brown was tiring and slowly but surely Colgate forced them back.

With three minutes to play Colgate had the ball on Brown's twenty yard line.

Pandemonium reigned in both rooting sections; the blue and white rooters' "Score; Colgate, Score!" was drowned by the crimson's "Hold them! Brown, hold them!"

Down on the side line as close to the play as he could get, Waters shouted encouragement to his team, hoping the line would hold so they would be able to kick out of danger. How he would have loved to be in it; to stand there yelling was maddening. Colgate had the ball on Brown's fifteen yard line now close to the side; and were still gaining. If he had but a chance to show his worth, perhaps he could do something to stop the mad onrush—he could never do as well as Burr, he knew that, but to helplessly watch Brown go down to another defeat—it was more than he could stand.

On the second down with but four yards to make Colgate tried a run around Burr's end, only to be thrown back four yards.

The crimson rooters went wild. Now was the chance for a brace.

"Third down, eight to go," shouted the head linesman.

"Burr is certainly playing a great game. Now if they can only hold them,

they can kick out of danger. Colgate can't try a place kick as they are too near the side," thought Waters, as he paced nervously along the lines.

"What are they waiting for?"

"Somebody's out," went up the cry, as the water-carriers rushed on the field; "Who is it?"

"Burr!" came back the answer.

Burr out! The crimson supporters were in despair. They were losing their best man.

Burr out! To Waters it meant more than to all others; it would give him a chance.

Yet now his spirit showed itself; he prayed that Burr might not have to be taken out. To him, the team—and not the man—was the thing.

But Burr was out indeed. He had put into the game all he had and was carried off the field.

Waters' chance has come. Throwing off his jersey he runs onto the field.

The delay that follows is a long one; most of the players lie down to rest. Waters, however, paces impatiently up and down, now and then picking up rocks only to throw them nervously away.

Smith, Colgate's quarter, follows the substitute with his eyes; he notes his anxiety, his mind is busy trying to figure out the play to use.

Waters is also figuring. "Third down, eight to go. Most likely they'll run a play around my end." This makes him more nervous.

The crisis of the game has been reached. If Brown holds, the game will be saved, if Colgate gains their yards it is almost a sure victory for them.

Smith shouts his signals; the Colgate backs start on a buck outside of tackle on Waters' side; Waters hesitates a second and then rushes in to help the weak tackle (as Brown's ends were taught to do in those days)—he makes a dive for the man with the ball, tackling him behind the line.

He has helped to save the game; avenged the defeat of the year before. So the thoughts run through his mind.

He rises ready for the next play.

Colgate's rooters have gone mad—why are they yelling? He looks toward his goal line; there directly under the cross bar is a player in blue and white in possession of the ball.

They have worked a trick on him.

Colgate's back, who started with the ball, passed it just before he was tackled. The player, receiving it, circled the end for a touchdown.

He has lost the game.



Randolph Watson

WILL R. BEATTIE, '10.

(Continued.)

PART III.

Darkness was just falling over the city when a young, well-dressed man passed the Municipal Gas Plant, and crossing Fourth avenue, rang the doorbell of a neat little cottage on the corner. His ring was answered by a woman perhaps in the thirties and dressed in mourning.

"Madam, I wish to speak to you about an important matter. I have been sent here by the City Council."

A faint flush spread over the face of the woman, a look of half-pain, half-anger; but she recovered herself in an instant.

"Won't you please step in?"

The young man entered and was ushered into a cosy parlor.

"Madam, I have been informed by the chairman of the Property Committee of the City Council that they are to enter condemnation suit against your property, and the chairman sent me here to tell you that you will be given one more opportunity to accept a reasonable offer for your property."

"What! They intend to take my property away from me?" Her face turned white as marble but into her eyes came a look of determination.

"Exactly, Madam, unless you see fit to comply with their request and sell to them."

For a moment she faced him like a tigress at bay; for a moment she fought off the struggling emotions which strove for supremacy, but the strain was more than she could bear. With a moan of anguish she sank into a chair and, dropping her head on the table, gave way to the flood of despair and sorrow which had burdened her, first from the death of her husband, and now the heartless tearing from her his last, his death-bed gift.

The man strove to comfort her. Her suffering touched him deeply, but in vain did he plead, and argue, and explain.

"Oh, you do not, you cannot, understand!" she sobbed, and the bitter tears came anew. But slowly her will-power returned, she gained control of herself again, and rising asked when they intended to take her property.

"Immediately," he answered, "that is, the chairman is the only one who has not yet signed the document, and he is only waiting for my return. All it needs is his signature, but he wished to give you one more chance."

"Who is this chairman?"

"His name is Watson—Randolph Watson."

At the mention of the name the color flashed to the pallid cheeks of the woman. Her lips moved as if to speak, but the agent continued:

"I feel sorry for you, Madam, and if you wish to speak to Mr. Watson personally I will give you time to see him before he signs the document. However, I can give you little encouragement there for I know what kind of a man he is."

"Oh, do let me see him first! I will go immediately."

"All right, I will. You will find him in his office, No. 412 Trust Building."

He left her and as the door closed she turned to a photograph among the group on the table. It was the picture of a college boy, a face youthful but striking, a face you would never forget when once you had seen it. Beneath was written in a clear, bold hand, "Your Randolph." As she gazed at the picture the memories of past years returned. Memories of the boy whom she once loved and to whom she had been betrothed. How the new suitor came and won her from him, and how she had heard from time to time, brief, un-

certain accounts of the despair and desperation of Randolph, and at last his leaving for countries wild and distant.

Her new love was deep and true and grew deeper as the years passed until complete happiness was hers. Her husband was not wealthy, but by diligence and thrift had just succeeded in purchasing this, their home, and giving it to her, when a fatal accident took him from her forever. Now she was fighting what seemed a hopeless fight, to retain the home which meant everything to her. It was her only source of existence, and above all it was the gift of the man she loved.

When the agent spoke the name of Randolph Watson the shock for an instant had overcome her, but quick as a flash she regained her composure sufficiently and resolved to throw herself upon the mercy of Randolph and perhaps he would, for the sake of the past, spare her. Had she known how changed was the Randolph of now from the Randolph of other days, she would have hesitated in her purpose. As it was, it seemed her only hope and she resolved to try. Hastily donning her street attire she started for the office of the chairman.

PART IV.

Watson looked impatiently at the time and muttered to himself about the slowness of agents, and the agent in particular whom he had sent on the Fourth Avenue land case.

"Here I've been waiting an hour for that confounded fellow. I suppose that fool woman won't come to terms. Well, I've waited as long as I'm going to wait. I'll sign the thing anyhow."

He unrolled the document, picked up a pen and was about to sign when there came a knock at the door. He dropped the pen, arose, stepped forward and opened the door. For an instant he gazed at the woman before him, then stepped back as if dealt a blow.

"My God—you!" His voice trembled and broke as the anguish of all his bitter years of suffering swept over him.

The woman entered and faced him. "I have come," she said, "to throw myself upon your mercy. To ask you to save for me the only possession I have in this world. I am the widow whom you are about to rob."

Watson turned from her, his face pallid, and for a moment a new light shone in his eyes, a light that had shone there only in years long since passed. Only a moment did it shine and then the glint unmerciful returned. He wheeled toward her. "Woman," he shouted hoarsely, "you know not how I have suffered. You ask me to help you—to have mercy. No!"

The desperate passion which swayed him frightened her. She looked at him and her eyes spoke what her frightened senses refused to utter, but he stood cruel, immovable. Slowly she turned—the door closed softly and she was gone.

For a time Watson stood as if riveted to the spot, then slowly he turned and saw the document spread out on his desk, the pen beside it. The passion died from his eyes. He stepped to the desk and picked up the paper. Gripping it firmly in each hand he tore it into shreds which scattered here and there.

Sinking slowly into a chair his head fell forward upon the desk, his body trembled and tears came into his eyes. He gave way to his emotions and the sobs of agony told how relentless was his torture.

The city dailies of the following morning contained great headlines and wild stories of the disappearance of the wealthy Councilman—the coming Mayor—but none knew of his whereabouts save the ticking alarm clock and the shelf of dusty books in a lonely cabin far in the silent mountains.

He had returned to fight the fight again, but though it was the second time the woman had crushed his life's desire, a strange change had come over him, and no longer the bitter hatred of mankind dominated his soul.

THE END.

As the Emperor Commands

(A Chinese Legend Retold by a Russian Soldier.)

Translated from the Russian by LEO GLADSTONE, '13.

One morning the Chinese Emperor, Un-ho-fou, woke very late and in a bad humor. He called his prime minister and said, "I could not sleep last night because of a beast roaring in our garden." The prime minister's face showed his fear as he replied, "It may be a tiger."

"No, it wasn't a tiger," replied the Emperor, angrily. "You always see danger where there is none."

"Perhaps it was a donkey; donkeys can roar loud," suggested the trembling minister.

"No, it wasn't as loud as a donkey," and the Emperor imitated the roar he had heard as well as he could.

"Well," said the prime minister, "I will summon all the philosophers of the empire to an assembly, and let them determine what the beast is." With these words, the prime minister, bowing low, left the presence of the Emperor.

Three hours later the minister came back and said, "Son of Heaven, the philosophers agree that the beast is a frog. It is very nimble. It is green in color and can not be distinguished from the grass in which it lives."

"Indeed!" said the Emperor. "Even though it is hard to find it, it is my wish that this beast be killed."

"Your wish, Son of Heaven, is hard to fulfill, but I will do all I can to get rid of the animal."

"I thank you in advance," replied the Emperor, "and I will reward all who assist in the deed."

The prime minister went to the chamberlain of the palace and told him he must capture the frog; the chamberlain in his turn gave the same command to the gate-keeper; the gate-keeper to the head-gardener; the head-gardener to the under-gardener; the under-gardener to the man in charge of watering the plants; this man to his helper, and the helper at last to the path cleaner, Lun Li.

"Lun Li," said the helper, "go and catch the frog in the garden." Lun Li went, found the frog, caught him by his hind legs and killed him. He gave the frog to the man who had commanded him, and he in turn to the one whom he received the order from, and so on until the frog finally reached the hands of the prime minister.

"This task must not seem too simple," thought the prime minister; so he sent for a company of soldiers and hunters who came in great array as if to kill the beast.

The Emperor sat at the window watching the hunters. The chief wore steel armor, ten knives at his belt, a sword at either side, a bow in his iron-gloved hands, and across his shoulders a quiver of poisoned arrows. The garden was filled with men intent on killing the dreaded beast. Every window and door of the palace was guarded by a soldier to keep out the beast if it should try to make an entrance. Inside the palace a company of soldiers were on guard. Priests prayed for fortunate outcome of the battle! In the Queen's apartments attendants were trying to quiet the fears of the Queen and her women. The Emperor walked among the hunters and soldiers and promised rewards.

Toward evening, the prime minister fell low at the Emperor's feet, saying, "Son of Heaven, I have killed the beast." Following him came six men bearing on a golden plate the frog with its head broken. "Wonderful, wonderful," cried the Emperor. "How could you see so small an animal?"

"Oh! that's because we tried so hard, Son of Heaven, not only I, but everyone else."

"No," answered the Emperor; "that's not entirely true, for as I walked about I saw one lazy fellow lying down. Tell me, who was it?"

Someone in the room cried out, "It was Lun Li, the path-cleaner."

"Why didn't he help?" asked the Emperor.

"Because he is born lazy, Emperor."

"Well," replied the Emperor, "everyone will be rewarded according to his worth."

He gave to the prime minister the three best provinces of the Empire; to the chamberlain fine clothes; to the priests money; to the hunters arms, and to the chief valuable stones and jewelry. Nor did he forget the philosophers with attendants, nor Lun Li. The latter got fifty blows with a stick on his back. The blows were given by the head-gardener, and the prime minister counted them.

So it is in this world, as a Chinese saying goes, "The Low will stay low, and the High will stay high."

A Modern Curiosity

(A True Story.)

STANLEY DURBROW, '11.

Some nine or ten years ago there lived, in the heart of the Santa Cruz Mountains, a gentleman in the prime of life. His little thatched dwelling stood in a grove of majestic redwoods. Most of his time was spent in the study of Mother Nature, but once a week he visited the little town of Wrights, which was but a short three miles from the Hermitage, as his lonely dwelling was called. No one knew his right name, so he was usually greeted as simply "Hermit."

One day while at Wrights he bid each one of the villagers good-by, saying that he was going away to another land. They, thinking him in the first stage of insanity, took little heed of his words.

Ten days passed, the hermit failed to appear. On the eleventh day of his absence a little party was formed of villagers and made its way to the hermitage. Arriving there as soon as the rough trail would permit, they entered through the unbarred door. A table laden with works of the best authors stood in the middle of the floor. On one side of the room stood an old cook-stove, which, to the complete surprise of the whole party, was found to be quite warm. The kitchen utensils, though few in number, were neatly arranged upon the shelf. Under the window a rough bed stood unoccupied. The searchers knew their man must be somewhere in the vicinity. The warm stove was as good evidence as one could have.

Suddenly a pistol shot was heard not far from the shanty. That one of the party was missing was noticed at once. They rushed outside and, guided by shouts and signal shots from their missing member, soon came to his side. There he stood, hat in hand, over a headless corpse.

To-day may be seen, by those who possess a sense of curiosity, a bit of woodcraft wrought by a lonely soul. A broken-down shed under which still lie the remains of a stove and table, is well overgrown with vines; but a few steps from here is a small clearing which still exists. In it is a platform about the size of a bed, built of shakes laid across two poles. At one end of this is a short, thick log, placed as a pillow would be, in the middle of which is a niche about the size of a man's neck. Back of this cut is a deeper one. Directly to one side, about four feet away, is a young sapling hinged on a stump so as to fall over the notched log. The three parts of the well-known figure-4 trap lie near at hand. The longest one measures about four feet long. In the sapling just mentioned is a hole made to fit the blunt edge of an ax; the sharp edge once fell into the shallow niche in the thick log. The ax is missing, but one can see where it was fitted in place and lashed to the sapling.

When the hermit's corpse was found the figure-4 had evidently just been displaced by a single finger of the victim. The sapling, weighted with stones, had crashed downward, sending the ax, sharpened like a razor, through the hermit's neck. The head, severed from the body, fell into the place designed for it, while the body lay in a natural position on the platform.

Another Victim of the Imp

J. P. BAUMBERGER, '10.

Foul deeds will rise
Though all the world o'erwhelm them, to
men's eyes. —Hamlet, Act. I.

[The condemned murderer raves.]

Oh, yes! There really was no danger of being discovered but somehow, in spite of myself, the picture of those two beautiful little girls with golden curls, which I had seen after the deed with their two tiny white stockings hanging before the fireplace, whose red eyes kept watch over them, continually came before me.

He deserved it, the villain, but those little girls! They showed me my wrong and when I left the house, creeping stealthily along the garden walk, again that watching fiery eye gazed vindictively upon me, and I dashed away, hoping to lose sight of it in the forest, but through all my wanderings, it has followed and tormented me and now, here, where he treated me so treacherously—here, the only place in the world where I hoped to drive away the horror-bringing fiend of a red eye, it again appears together with the children's faces. And when I left my cozy fireplace to dash out in the whirling drifts of snow, I found myself before the house, once so cheerful, now dark; the shutters swinging on creaking hinges, the chimney fallen on the roof, windows stuffed with rags and paper, and a half-open door swinging with the wind. The dripping from the roof sounded like walking ghouls, and I shivered to think of the red-eyed fireplace within.

I gathered myself together. I must see the place and thus drive away my fears. Unconsciously I was following the instinct which leads all murderers (how I shudder at the word!) to the place of the deed. I button my coat and walk in; a sudden quiet falls over the house; all noise seems blanketed, even my footsteps are noiseless; my heart begins to beat, I hear it, I press my hand upon it; still the sound grows louder. I drink a drop, sit on the edge of a damp, clammy bed and quiet down with an effort. Chills run up my back as I feel unseen shadows reaching for me. The blanket stirs slightly. I spring up, my hair stands on end, a cold sweat breaks out upon my body. Ah! I feel the draft; it was only an air current which stirred the blanket. My hand steals unconsciously across the bed. No, all is well, the cold bed lies empty before me.

A sudden drowsiness steals upon me; I resume my seat on the bed and my head nods. Suddenly I awaken with a shudder; I am deadly cold, my legs are unsteady. A slight glow from behind attracts my attention; I turn, and to my horror see a fiendish red eye fixed upon me. Again I dash from the house and flee across the fields; again the fiend follows me, casting his red eye like a watchfire o'er the sleeping children. I shriek with fright; voices come to my ears from the distance, the sounds increase to a rumble. Helmets and shining gun-barrels appear over the grainfields. I flee on, a sudden wild strength comes into my limbs; the blood courses warm and exuberant through my veins; I leap fences, wade streams, run, on, on—on forever. Suddenly I stumble, all goes black; I feel myself bumped, a terrible sensation of falling through the air from a tremendous height, a crash and all is darkness.

When I opened my eyes I saw only bars with a streak of moonlight slanting through them and lighting up the huge locked iron door of my cell. All is over, the "Imp of Perversion" has again overtaken its victim through a trick of conscience.

The Bracelet Mystery

F. B. HORNICK, '10.

I had gone alone to the opera that evening. I felt lonely (being a bachelor without any cozy fireside for two), and as it was the opening performance of Faust, I decided to go and hear that opera, from which I always received keen enjoyment.

The manager of the theatre, who was a warm personal friend of mine, procured for me a box seat in the middle lefthand box. Thence I proceeded at once, feeling that I should much prefer watching the people to wandering aimlessly about in the lobby.

I took the end seat, next to the railing, so close to the next box that I could easily touch it without effort. Anyone who has been in the Metropolitan Opera House will appreciate my exact position.

Scarcely had I seated myself, and settled down comfortably to read my program, when my attention was attracted to the next box by a slight rustle, and looking over my shoulder, I beheld a woman dressed entirely in black, standing in the middle of the box. She seemed undecided which chair to occupy, but finally, with a glance in my direction, came directly toward me and took the chair nearest the railing. Hence we were not separated by more than a foot of space at the most. I turned my chair so that I could watch her without attracting attention, for the woman fascinated me. Everywhere I went I saw her. At receptions, at balls, at the hotels, in the restaurants, she always seemed to be present. Now, there is nothing strange in the fact that she seemed to be immensely popular; the queerness lay in that she was always dressed entirely in black; the very simplicity of this attire, and an unassumed dignity giving her an air of distinction and elegance, were quite enough to make any man wonder who she was. Although I had seen her so many times, I had never been introduced to her and did not even know her name.

As I sat meditating who she might be, I noticed that, unlike most women of her set, she wore no jewelry whatsoever, with the exception of a plain gold bracelet. It seemed strange (for one felt sure, at a glance, that she possessed wealth) that she should wear simply this single and very plain bracelet. I was wondering why, if she chose to wear simply a bracelet, she didn't choose one of more elaborate design; or whether there was a history connected with that one, when my thoughts were diverted by the opening bars of Faust.

From that time on, until the last act, my attention was riveted to my favorite opera and I quite forgot the mysterious lady in black. It was during the last scene (the prison scene) when the stage becomes almost dark, that I heard a rustle in the box behind me, and felt something cold fall against my hand. Instinctively I clutched it, holding my breath until the curtain fell and the lights were once more switched on, when I beheld in my hand to my utmost astonishment, the bracelet of the lady in black. Imagine my feelings. I turned to the box behind me, seeking some explanation of this strange occurrence, only to find the lady had gone—disappeared completely.

Hastily picking up hat and cape, I rushed into the dispersing audience, hoping to find some trace of her there, but to no avail. In vain I looked for some initial, some mark on the bracelet that would give me a hint of her identity. I could discover nothing. I had about decided to turn the bracelet in at the box office as a "lost article," when I saw my friend, the manager, enter his private office. It occurred to me that he might be able to help me

solve the mystery, so to him, in the privacy of his office, I poured out my secret.

He listened attentively to everything I had to say, nodded sympathetically now and then, and when I had finished, asked me for the bracelet. His search for marks of identification, like mine, was rewarded with nothing. Finally he arose, and asked me to follow him. I did so, and as I had already guessed, was led directly to my box.

"Now show me," he said, "just where you were sitting when the incident occurred."

I did so, whereupon he requested me to indicate the exact position of the lady.

This I also did, by going into the other box and sitting in the same chair she had occupied.

For several minutes he was very thoughtful, and then, to my surprise, broke into a hearty laugh.

I inquired, somewhat heatedly, as to the nature of the joke, for I could not exactly assimilate my present state of mind with the idea of being laughed at.

"I beg your pardon, old man," he said. "I know you will think me decidedly unsympathetic, but really, I can't help it. It's too good."

Whereupon, in a rush of wonder and amazement, I saw him go over to the railing of my box, slip something off the curtain which hung from it, and hand it to me, with the bracelet.

"Notice any similarity?" he asked, with a smile.

And in that moment, my mysterious lady in black faded into dim space, for I realized that it was not a bracelet at all but a gilded curtain-ring that had fallen into my hand.



The Coming of the Railroad

G. J. SIEBENHAUER, '11.

Picture one of those rare evenings in August. A lake, clear, cold and sparkling as a diamond, surrounded by a dense forest, the green foliage of which is a vivid contrast to the blue of the lake in the evening sun.

In an upper corner of the lake, situated in a little cove, a huge fire is burning, by the side of which a man, an ordinary man, is contentedly smoking his pipe. Close to Nature, and removed from the worry and care of civilization, he is supremely happy. As the hour grows late the man ceases smoking, cleans his pipe, and retires for the night, creeping into his sleeping-bag. Slowly the fire dies and in the soft glow of the embers only the regular breathing of the man and the noises of the animals in the forest break the stillness.

In the early mist of the morning the man stirs restlessly. He hears some one calling. Has he fallen asleep over his books? No; he hears the hoarse cries of command, the rattle of chains and the blow of the hammer.

Ah! he remembers. "I am up in the mountains! But from whence these noises? I thought I was miles away from civilization."

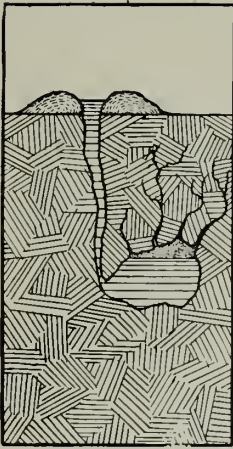
He jumps from his blankets, draws on his boots, washes in the lake and, rifle in hand, goes out to investigate.

His curiosity is quickly satisfied, for he soon comes upon a scene of bustle and activity that is strangely foreign to the primeval atmosphere of Nature. A preliminary survey of a great railway is being made with modern instruments and methods, and the mind of the man, having traveled in other directions heretofore, is stunned. He is seeing and hearing the first echoes of civilization penetrating the heart of Nature, in the building of the railway, and his whole heart and soul cry out against it.

Two years later the construction work has reached the same lake. The shores are now dotted with innumerable camps; trees are being felled; huge shovels are digging immense cuts; telephone and telegraph lines connect with the outside world, and Nature has been pushed aside for the needs of the world and civilization.

Five years have passed and again we stand on the shores of the lake. Everything is apparently the same. But look, a little to the left two shiny steel rails, lined with telegraph poles, mar the beauty of the scene. A shrill whistle, a streak of gray, then settling of the dust, and again quiet. But not that peaceful quiet of before; rather a tense, throbbing stillness which shows that civilization has marked Mother Nature in the "Coming of the Railroad."

The Mackenzie theory is thirty years later than Bunsen's, but is not thought probable. It has been surmised



MACKENZIE THEORY

that the operation of a geyser is caused by the weight of the superincumbent and ever-increasing volume of vapor contained in a subterranean cavern, which, pressing with ever-augmenting force upon the surface of the water beneath, at last acquires sufficient elasticity to overcome the resistance of the water and drives it out of the vent offered by the geyser tube. Having expelled the water and the vapor itself, the chamber fills again. Equilibrium does not readily assert itself, because of sinuosities and angles in the pipe and cavern, making easy interchange of temperature impossible.

Geysers are of two forms; namely, alkaline springs as spouting geysers, and acid springs as mud volcanoes and hot springs.

Water filtering in through the surface into the bowels of the earth and mixing with certain minerals, acids and gases, and dissolving other minerals with which it comes into contact, changes into steam by the agency of subterranean heat and again condensing into water on reapproaching the surface, produces in all countries the causes that have resulted in the construction of these alkaline springs.

The steam, gases and water holding in solution various kinds of minerals, constantly carry their burdens from below and deposit them on the surface of the earth. In the acid springs sulphuric acid is the most active ingredient, and its action on surrounding rocks results in the ferruginous clays of the mud-pot and also in deposits of alum, sulphur and the sulphates of lime which are common among the sulphur taras and other acid springs. When the sulphuric acid is exhausted, different gases and minerals are brought into play. Carbonic acid disintegrates the rock and the silica is dissolved by the alkaline bicarbonates, thus producing deposits of semi-opal, flint, quartz, alkaline and silicious earths, and also forming geyser tubes, terraces and chimneys. By this theory known as Chronological Succession, it would appear that the quiet, gently boiling springs are first formed. These change from acid into alkaline springs and are by degrees converted into spouting geysers, insignificant at first but gradually improving as the tube grows longer until the strength culminates at that period when the tube and funnel have obtained their relative depth and breadth and that proportion of size of bore to length of barrel which combine to make the most perfect apparatus for that purpose and enable them to use the force at their disposal in the most advantageous manner possible. They then slowly subside as the orifice grows choked with sediment and deposit, until they return to their primitive state of gently bubbling springs and finally by closing up the crater bury themselves and remain monuments of the past, like the Liberty Cap, which is a dead geyser with a crater larger than any other now in existence.

All waters ejected from geysers resemble each other. All contain an excess of sulphur and sodium. The waters of the California geysers all run about the same percentage in sulphur. They are called sulphur springs and are noted for medicinal purposes. They also contain sodium, potassium, calcium, magnesia, iron, alumina, sulphuric acid, hydrochloric acid, silicic acid and hydrogen sulphide. The Yellowstone geysers eject water of the same general character. The waters usually have about five times as much sulphur as all the other elements combined. The acid should not be in the springs, but it seems impossible to find one without any. This is due to the age of the geysers, for as they grow older they begin to gain in acid and lose in alkali. The compositions therefore serve to prove the theories which have been advanced recently, and also to show others to be wrong.



THE TIGER

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The TIGER wishes you all a very Merry Christmas; to our exchanges as well as our friends at home; to the Freshmen enjoying their first Christmas at Lick; to the Senior class, here for its last Christmas season, and to the Juniors and Sophomores, who have already enjoyed at least one Christmas at school and have another to look forward to. Last but not least, the TIGER wishes to thank the members of the faculty for their help on the TIGER during this last term, and the manager and editor, personally, wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

GIRLS' ISSUE.

The next issue of the TIGER will be in the hands of the Lick girls. Miss Reinhold, '10, will act as editor, and Miss Iverson, '10, as manager.

A "Girls' Issue" of the TIGER is a distinct innovation at Lick and will show that Lick is not only a mechanical school for boys, but also a school where the girls take part in student activities and form as large a part of the school life here as the boys. Let every member of the student body feel it his or her duty to support Miss Reinhold and Miss Iverson in their work on the TIGER next quarter and make the first "Girls' Issue" of the TIGER a success.

OUR DEBATERS.

Our first debate under the auspices of the Debating League of California this year was with the Berkeley Institute for the Blind.

We lost the debate, and so our debaters, Miss Iverson, '10, Mr. McNair, '11, and Mr. Oehlman, '10, did not make their Debating Medals. However, together with Mr. Boruck, '13, who acted as manager after being forced to relinquish his place on the team on account of ill-health, the team worked harder as a team than any other debating team at Lick since the present Senior class were Freshmen, and they deserve a great deal of credit. Every member of the student body appreciates their work and we wish to convey our thanks to the debaters through the columns of the TIGER.

SENIOR SEMINAR.

The Seminar is deserving of more support than it has received thus far this year. As yet the Senior Class seems to have not awakened to the fact that a Seminar exists. Only one report has materialized thus far and that is on the "Construction of Aeroplanes" to be given by Mr. Meusdorffer at the next meeting.

Get busy, Seniors, and make the Seminar a success.



EXCHANGES



A small, dark, stylized illustration of a person, possibly a child or a small figure, standing in the center of the word 'EXCHANGES'. The figure appears to be wearing a hat and a coat, and is looking down. The illustration is positioned between the letters 'H' and 'A' of the word 'EXCHANGES'.

The TIGER wishes its exchanges a Merry Christmas and success for the coming new year.

The School Herald.—We have received a number of your little weeklies and they afford us much pleasure. The publishing of a weekly by a public high school in California is quite an innovation.

We are always glad to hear from you, *Pacific Weekly*. We like to count college papers among our friends.

We are glad to see that the number of our exchanges has greatly increased this quarter, and we hope it will continue to grow. One of our exchanges criticized us for considering the abolishing of our exchange column. Where this rumor started we do not know, but it is here officially stated that the TIGER has not the slightest intention of taking any such action.

Red and White, Lakeview High School, Chicago.—What is the matter with your exchange column? Do more than acknowledge us; we don't object to criticism. The use of an index and more cuts would help a great deal to better the appearance of your paper.

Totem, Lincoln High School, Seattle.—Why not have a literary department? Most other high school journals contain stories, why not you? As to your arrangement, place the ads in the back, not in the front or middle pages. Incidentally, criticize your exchanges.

Tocsin, Santa Clara High School.—Yours is as neat a paper as we have among our exchanges. Your arrangement is fine, and you use cuts to great advantage. "Jeanette" and "Life" deserve special mention.

Ilex, Woodland High School.—Your commencement issue is very neatly arranged, *Ilex*, and several of your stories are deserving of special mention, notably "Reddy" and "A Pupil of Sherlock Holmes." The use of cuts greatly enhances the appearance of your paper.

Loyal Sons' Clarion, Sacramento.—Why not begin your paper with an index? It would add decidedly to your appearance. With this exception, your issue, though small, is very neat.

Oasis, Reno High School.—The principal fault in your issues is that of arrangement. You place ads in the front and leave blank spaces among the ads in the back. Why not utilize these blank spaces for the ads which appear in front, and use that space to better advantage, such as a neat table of contents? As to your literary department, in one issue it was very poor, but in the other it was certainly up to the standard, "The Coward" being a story that any magazine could feel proud of.

Wild Cat, Los Gatos High School.—For a school of such a small size, your commencement issue was a distinct success. You should not, however, scatter the literary department throughout the entire paper. Your arrangement was, with this exception, very neat.

Searchlight, San Rafael High School.—Your commencement issue is exceedingly well arranged, the different departments being clearly defined. Your cover design is above that of the average paper. "Jaures, the French Detective," is a very clever story.

Ked and Black, Salt Lake High School.—Your "Freshmen Number" reflects great credit upon your manager, the number of cuts being great enough to put the average commencement issue to shame. You could add decidedly to your appearance by the use of an index and by placing all your ads in the back of the paper.

Owl, Fresno High School.—Once more we welcome our old friend, *The Owl*. As usual, there is no adverse criticism and much to compliment. Especially is this true of your exchange column. It is seldom, indeed, that we see an exchange column which really criticizes, and yours is a delight to read. The arrangement is perfect throughout, and the entire issue, literary, josh, athletics, cuts, etc., is easily the best of our exchanges.

Chaparral, Stanford University.—Your joshes are really "laugh-producers" and the cartoons do a great deal to add to your appearance.

Oregon Emerald, University of Oregon.—Have received several of your papers and it affords us great pleasure to hear from the college which received three of our greatest football stars.

Hitchcock Sentinel, Hitchcock Military Academy.—Several more of your entertaining papers reached us, Hitchcock, and all we can criticize is the size. Why not appear as a monthly journal in larger form?

Clarion, Appleton High School, Wisconsin.—Don't you think that some of your cuts, especially that at the head of your josh column, are below standard? Ads in the front pages detract from the appearance of your paper.

Tolo, Franklin High School, Seattle.—The TIGER sends its best wishes for your success, *Tolo*. In your next issue, don't place your ads in front, and use more cuts.

Boomer, Klamath County High School.—It is a pity that the engravers disappointed you, as yours is a very neat issue. Placing your ads in the back pages would, however, add considerably to your appearance.

Skirmisher, St. Matthew's School.—The only fault we could find with you, *Skirmisher*, is in the literary department. Your stories are altogether too short and several cuts are slightly below standard. Your Josh and Exchange columns, however, are excellent.

Item, Pasadena High School.—Your literary department and cuts are certainly above the standard of the average paper, but the ads in front are detrimental to the neatness of your appearance, especially the one on the page which includes your index. Try and remedy that fault.

Clarion, Salem High School, Oregon.—Why not use cuts for your "Alumni Ramblings," "Debating," and "Dabs and Ditties"? The stories are, however, good; why not have more than two?

Sentinel, Harvard School, Los Angeles.—Your cuts are very neat and reflect credit upon your art department. Why not have more variety in your literary department?

Cogswell, Cogswell Polytechnical College.—Yours is a very next issue, *Cogswell*; no ads in front, excellent cuts and plenty of them. Your exchange editor should, however, forget athletics when doing literary work.

Scribe, Oakland.—If it were not for the ads in front, your issue would be very neat.

Acorn, Alameda High School.—Your edition is up to the standard in nearly every particular, but more original jokes are desirable.

Review.—Your stories are really good, but your exchange editor should do more than criticize the cover designs.

Occident, Rochester, N. Y.—We are glad to hear from you, *Occident*, and appreciate your visit the more when we think of the many miles you must travel. Still, we would like to see your ads all in the back. Your stories are very good.

Olla Podrida, Berkeley High School.—A few of your own stories would not hurt your paper we hope, but the selections from the exchanges are good.

Blue and White, Sacred Heart College.—With the exception of the ads which appear in front, your issue is very neat. You could easily use more cuts. Why not have a separate leaf for your index, instead of placing it on the cover?

Crimson and Gray, Waitsburg, Washington.—Your stories do not reach the standard, but the few cuts that you have are good.

The Sotoyoman, Healdsburg.—Your literary department is very good and your cuts are excellent. Your June issue was up to the standard in every respect.

The Lowell.—You are on the Honor List; take the *Sunset Magazine's* motto, "Send it East."

Manzanita, Watsonville H. S.—Yours is a neat paper throughout, although several of the cuts could be improved upon, especially "School Notes" and "Joshes." Your cover design and stories are slightly below the high school standard.

As we go to press we wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following issues, which came too late for criticism: "The Shadow," Crookston High School; "The Scribe," Manual Training and Commercial High School, Oakland; "The Crimson and White," New York State Normal School, Albany; "The Occident," West High School, Rochester, New York; "Memphis High School Bulletin," Memphis High School, Memphis, Tenn.



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RALLIES.

The spirit shown at the rallies this quarter has not been as good as at the rallies of the first few months of school, although the various activities have been well supported.

We attribute this seeming lack of spirit to the fact that track and football as well as other activities claimed the time of many of the students.

Now that the fall athletic season is over, fellows, show your spirit by attending the rallies, and helping to make them interesting.

The speakers at the fall rallies have been principally members of the different teams and officers of the Student Body.

Captain Al Wetmore of the football team talked to the new men, principally "scrubs," and told them to come out for football this year so that they could get some experience, even if they did not succeed in making the big team. He said that if the school would give them strong support, he was sure of the team putting up a fine fight for championship honors.

Owing to accidents to some of our best men, we lost the sub-league championship by a narrow margin, but every man fought for Lick to the last second of play.

Captain "Ham" Bell of the track team, although out for football, has worked hard for the support of his team. His untiring efforts in promoting track interest produced a fighting spirit in the fellows, so that with a crippled team Lick made a high bid for A. A. L. honors. It might be said here that with the material on hand Lick can easily produce a championship team in the spring season if track is properly supported.

Our able manager, "Skipper" Sexton, has made a very successful season in football this year for us; although the fates did not will the team first honors, financially we have been greatly benefited.

Editor Chatfield, who makes us write stories, has given us several talks on that spirited animal, the TIGER.

Manager "Brick" White told us of the importance of trading with TIGER advertisers and asks each individual to try to rustle up advertisements for him.

President Pitchford has given us many interesting little side speeches at the rallies, which he has conducted in a very satisfactory manner.

"Buck" Boyd, '06; Ralph Ensign, '08, and Bob Gardner, '09, have addressed the Student Body this fall and given us talks which show that "Lick Spirit" lasts.

ORGANIZATION OF '13 CLASS.

On September 17th, the '13 Class was organized under the new plan. Mr. Deleray presided over the meeting in a very creditable manner. After Mr. Cody had been temporarily appointed Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Deleray pro-

ceeded to read the constitution, which was to hold good only for the first quarter.

A number of the upper classmen were invited to speak at this meeting and tell the Freshmen about the different branches of athletics and activities of the school. Mr. Hills, representing the Camera Club, acquainted the Freshmen with the particular features of the club and urged all interested in photography to join the club. Mr. McNair spoke of the Debating Society, principally the Dramatic and Technical departments. He announced that a series of plays and lectures were to be given later in the year.

Mr. Carlson spoke briefly on the Student Body and the necessity of paying Student Body dues. Miss Adams addressed the class and Mr. Bell, Mr. E. Smith, and Mr. Winter, spoke on athletics.

Just before the meeting adjourned Mr. Chatfield congratulated the class for the spirit they had shown in bringing in ads for the TIGER.

* * * * *

On November 3d, Mr. Deleray called a meeting of the '13 Class, for the purpose of electing their own officers. The nominations for President were as follows: Mr. Burns, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Boruck. Mr. Rogers and Mr. Boruck each declined the nomination, leaving Mr. Burns President of the class. Mr. Tissot and Mr. Heintz received nominations for the office of Vice-President, while Miss Todd and Miss Boller were nominated for Secretary. Miss McKibben, Mr. Cody and Mr. Rogers were unanimously elected for the Board of Control.

After the votes were counted it was found that Mr. Heintz was elected Vice-President and Miss Todd Secretary.

Before the meeting adjourned a motion was made and heartily seconded that a vote of thanks be given to the acting President, Mr. Deleray, and the Secretary, Miss Boyle, for their faithful services to the Class of 1913.

FOUNDER'S DAY.

September 21, 1909, we again observed Founder's Day in honor of James Lick. It is a day long looked forward to and never forgotten by all. By a Freshman it is anticipated with interest to know what is going to happen and by the upper classmen it is held in reverence. We all wish it would come more often as each time we hear a little more about the interesting history and life of James Lick, our beloved founder.

This year we were honored by the presence of Judge Richards of the Superior Court of Santa Clara County, California. He told us many new incidents of James Lick's life of which we had never heard. Among them were some of the conditions under which he made his noble bequests, the difficulties that arose, the way the public thought of his actions and the appointment of a board of trustees. In all, his speech was one that impressed us with gratitude toward our founder and one always to linger in our thoughts as an incentive that some day we too may be able to do what James Lick did. Judge Richards' speech was by far the best Founder's Day address heard since the class of 1900 entered school.

A great many visitors were conducted through the school in the afternoon by members of the Senior class. Under the able management of President Hornick everybody was comfortably taken care of. The shops were in full swing and great interest was shown by the public on visiting the different departments.

MEDAL AWARDED AT THE ALASKA-YUKON EXPOSITION.

Lick may be congratulated upon the work it sent to the Alaska-Yukon Exposition. Forge, woodwork, machine shop, the sewing and drawing departments, all had samples of their work on exhibition. The students whose work was sent to the Exposition worked long and conscientiously upon it, and deserve much credit. The reward was a gold medal, as first award, and honorable mention to the California School of Mechanical Arts.

THE ORCHESTRA.

Due to the co-operation of those directly interested, and the splendid support of the student body, the attempt to form an orchestra has been successful and the orchestra is now permanently organized and practice has begun.

The first practice meeting was held Wednesday evening, November 10, at the residence of Mr. Wolfsohn.

All those who promised to attend did so, and the result of the practice was highly encouraging.

After a few hours of good hard work refreshments were served and everyone had a jolly good time.

The members present decided to organize the orchestra as a student activity, thereby placing it under the jurisdiction of the Board of Control and increasing its chances of existing as a permanent organization at Lick as it certainly should.

'11-'13 PICNIC.

On the morning of September 9th, a jolly bunch of boys and girls from the '11 and '13 classes, journeyed to San Pedro Terrace for a day's outing. Although the morning was a cloudy one, the latter part of the day proved delightfully warm and pleasant.

The scene at lunch was quite picturesque, everyone being seated around a large log-fire. Altogether there were about one hundred present, including the chaperons, Miss Otto and Miss Southwick, Mr. and Mrs. Tebbitts and Baby Tebbitts.

Different kinds of races furnished amusement for part of the day, and when the time to leave came, everyone was reluctant to leave the scene of their day's pleasure.

SENIOR HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

A most enjoyable evening was spent by the Senior class of Lick on October 30, at "Our Hall." The affair was most informal and it was quite evident that every one present came for a good time. One could hardly recognize some of the dignified Senior girls in gingham aprons and sunbonnets.

All of those wishing to know something of their future were enlightened by Miss Southwick and Miss Otto, who kindly gave their services as gypsy fortune-tellers for the evening.

Miss Boyd favored those present with a recitation; Mr. Tooker rendered a selection on his guitar, and later in the evening Miss Gillette and Mr. Pitchford sang a duet.

The decorations were in accordance with the spirit of the season, and one encountered all sorts of uncanny beings on the way to the hall.

Dancing and Halloween amusements afforded much pleasure during the evening, and at twelve o'clock everyone adjourned to the main building for refreshments.

SCHOOL AND INTERCLASS DEBATING.

Under the able management of Mr. Carlson (chairman), Miss Winchell and Mr. Carmichael, interclass debating has aroused much enthusiasm in the different classes this year. Each class has supported its team in the tournament to decide which class will have its numerals on the Lincoln bust, this being the first time any trophy has been offered for interclass debating.

The Freshmen team: Mr. Eastman, Mr. Cody and Mr. Boruck, were defeated by the Sophomore team, Miss Simons, Miss Boyle and Mr. Worth. The Senior team, Miss Iverson, Mr. Montgomery, and Mr. Oehlman defeated the Juniors, Mr. Hills, Mr. McNair and Mr. Hirschler.

At the final debate, from which the school team was picked, Miss Simons, Mr. Boruck and Mr. Worth, represented the lower classes, while Miss Iverson, Mr. Oehlman and Mr. McNair represented the upper classes.

The team chosen to represent the school in the Berkeley Ecclesia debate was composed of Miss Iverson, Mr. McNair and Mr. Boruck. Later Mr. Boruck resigned on account of ill health, and Mr. Oehlman took his place.

This debate was held on the evening of November 6th in the auditorium of Mission High School. The question up for debate was:

"Resolved, That the participation of national party organizations in municipal politics is inimical to civic progress."

The work of our team on the affirmative side of the question is cause for congratulation, although the judges decided two to one in favor of the negative.

The debates after the ones in which the teams are chosen to represent the lower and upper classes, were mainly for selecting a school team. After the school team was chosen the interclass again resumed its course, the Seniors and Sophomores debating. The representatives of the Senior Class were Mr. Henderson, Mr. Rea and Mr. Baumberger; of the Sophomores, Mr. Carmichael, Miss Boyle and Mr. De Wolf. In this debate the Seniors were defeated. Here a new feature was added to the Interclass League. A debate was scheduled between the loser of the Freshman-Sophomore and Junior-Senior debates; the winner here is to meet the winner of first series. This means that there will be two more debates held before the lucky winner will be chosen, and the class numerals inscribed on the Lincoln bust.

ALUMNI.

Jerome Barieau, '06, Tiger Editor in his time, was selected on the Junior Farce cast at U. C. He was in competition with one hundred and nine who tried out.

Criglar, basketball manager of '08, and Barnett, now a Stanford student, were on the side lines at the Cogswell-Lick game.

Raber, ex-'10, is now a "cub" reporter on the Oakland Daily News.

Genevieve Sullivan, '08, is putting her Lick training to good use in teaching sewing to a settlement class every afternoon.

News has come from Dawson City, Alaska, announcing the marriage of Warren McFarland, '02, to Miss Ruth Nottngale of Alameda. McFarland is a mining engineer.

Freeman Smith, '09, placed a number of "Tigers" in the Lick exhibit at the Seattle Fair, and sent us the following list of Alumni members and ex-Lickites who registered at our exhibit:

A. L. Stoll, '02, and his brother, L. H. Stoll, '07; A. J. Krutmeyer, '06; Jessie A. Antlus, '07; F. E. Kayo, '05, of Sacramento; Lawrence Sichel, '05;

Daniel Bassett, '05, from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Bruce Wetmore, '08, and John Kelly, '08.

The '09ers who visited the fair are: Mae Matheson, Clare Hodges, Alfred Robertson, Jack Phillips, "Shad" Worth, Chas. Lutz, Leonard Kellogg and Russell Dalton.

Wood Young and Reuben Hills were the only representatives who registered from the class of 1911.

Edna Rainey, '12, Edward Hills, '12, and "Babe" Erskine, ex-'10, completed the list of Lick representatives.

Elwin Smith, ex-'11, has entered Broadway High school in Seattle and plays half on their football team.

CALIFORNIA

Leland Weber made quite a hit over at college—so much so that he is now Yell Leader of the Freshman class. If the class can stand it, I guess the rest of us will have to. Helmut Strouss is another one of us who has stepped into the limelight. He's holding down the job of Secretary of the Freshman Debating Society.

Webster made the Glee Club, and now has the pleasure of singing to us at the rallies. He was also in the chorus of the Treble Clef operetta, "Erminie." It would have been expected that "Stacatto" Hammond would try for this, but for some unknown reason he failed to. Perhaps it was due to the fact that he was too interested in his military work to sing—he had an ambition to be a corporal at Christmas. I am sorry to say his blissful dream was dispelled by the commandant.

Rolla Watt was still a Freshman worker on the "Occident" staff when the last cut was announced. He is also trying out for coxswain on the Freshman crew.

"Spike" Wittenmyer is making quite a name for himself on the Oakland High football team, and has his picture in the paper once in a while.

"Buck" Boyd, '06, earns his excuse to attend the track meets, etc., by writing stuff for the Call.

"Brick" Mitchell was around the Bay this fall previous to the opening of Oregon University.

Lodge, '08, the great two-miler, and Lester Thompson, '07, have been back around the Bay during November.

Ralph Hupp writes that his summer has been spent "doing hard graft," but that he hopes soon to be back in San Francisco, and see us all face to face once more.

Ed. Wilkins, "Dutch" Hermann and "Irish" Kirby, were all working last time I saw them.

Elna Clifford is now a Sorority lass—which one she belongs to, is beyond my humble knowledge. We only see her once in a while now-a-days. She is a "Kow-Kollege-Kid" (along with R. B. Watt) and far from realms of the Engineering crowd.

Weber and Cortelyou both passed the strength tests, and are out running around the track, instead of in gym. Barieau (Junior) is out for baseball again, and from indications should make the Varsity. "Brick" White is also out for the squad, and seems to be making good in the field.

Dick Jones didn't get out for football this season. Herb. Johns is playing a fine game, and made one of the Varsity mainstays this fall.

Wills and Rosenwald seem to be quite popular with the Sophomores (headed by Fred Jacobs, '08), and were warned that another tubbing was in store, if the Blue and Gold lost the Freshman match. Since that time,

even a most careful inquiry on my part has failed to bring forth any statement on the subject from either of them—you may draw your own conclusions.

Portola Week brought no holidays to us, but by almost unanimous consent, Thursday was picked out as the day on which everybody should "cut." Most of the profs. sided in by not having roll-call that day, and consequently there were hardly fifty students on the campus—but among that fifty was V. Fritz Lenzen. How do I know? Fritz told me! He was proud of it, too! He tried to go to Hygiene, but the doors were locked; and he and his instructor were the only members of the whole Civil Engineering bunch that appeared. Fritz therefore had one solid hour of individual instruction.

Charles Naylor, '04, became a Benedict last June when he married Miss Jean Guy of Alameda.

Earle Phillips, ex-'11, is a busy fellow these days. He and his brother have quite a concern in Los Angeles under the name of the Phillips Iron Works.

Burt Dill, '08, is with the Santa Fe in San Diego.

Edmund Schwartz, '08, is in Los Angeles helping the Llewellyn Iron Works build elevators.

Carl Daniels, '10, is with a contracting firm in Los Angeles.

Ralph Ensign, '08, is in the factory in Los Angeles where the Tourist automobiles are built.

STANFORD.

Lick news in this part of the country is conspicuous for its absence. There are only a few of us here and of the few Ernest Thompson, '07, especially, is doing himself proud. After a hard tryout Thompson was selected as one of the three men to lead the Stanford rooting section. With Walker, '05, Thompson is managing the 1910 Quad, which he claims is going to be the best Junior book ever issued.

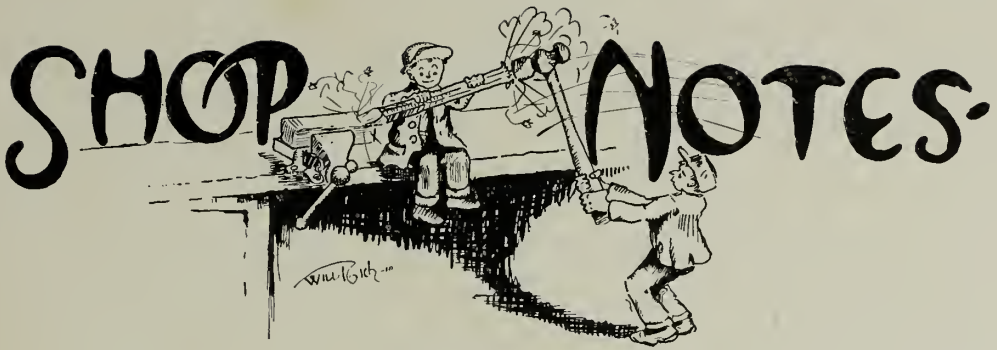
Ted Everett, '08, an old-time Lick football man, made a fine showing in the Interclass Rugby series.

Dietterle, '08, seems to be lost without boating, which has been dropped from the list of intercollegiate sports. For the last few days, however, he has brightened up. Because of heavy rains a ferry line has been established between the Encina and the Quad and Dietterle is in charge of it.

Leigh Rogers, '08, has not yet put in his appearance.

At the Plug-Ugly a few nights ago Thompson, the only Lick man able to participate, acquitted himself bravely. Firstly he had a part in the show, during the performance of which he was unmercifully egged. Tommy was one of the last Juniors to be carried off the field. This time he never woke up until morning. He was hit so hard on the head that he looks six inches shorter.





PATTERN SHOP.

In the woodworking department, better known as the abode of tired machinists, the Freshmen are working for themselves, Mr. McLeran having drilled them to perfection in the use of their tools so they can now cut to a line and consequently make neat joints in their work on Mission Style furniture. It is surprising how well some of the work is done. Several library tables, a settee of quarter-sawed oak and also a fancy hanging bookcase of mahogany will be completed by the Christmas vacation.

Nash, of the Junior apprentices, has repaired a 4"x6" hoist and Wood has completed the patterns and core boxes for part of a perpetual motion contrivance.

The Seniors have worked hard during the last quarter, proving that they intend to give a good account of themselves when they leave school.

Von der Mehden made the pattern of a 28" diameter propeller blade and also did a very neat piece of work on the pattern of a carbonater.

Uhte, with the help of Meyn (Uhte strenuously objects to being called Dutch and insists that he is "Cherman") finished a 3" rotary oil pump and the gear casing for Brun's engine.

Sparrowe, and the other apprentices, have now started on the seventy-five kilowatt steam turbine. Sparrowe has also finished the manifold exhaust for Brun's four-cylinder gasoline engine.

MECHANICAL DRAWING.

In this department the first year classes have finished plate number one and are making great headway with number two, while the Sophs have completed plates seven and eight during the last quarter and are well on with the ninth; their talent for drawing neatly is now showing itself and some are thinking seriously of taking the mechanical drawing course.

The Juniors and Seniors for the most part are working on the steam turbine, the head (by Johnson), upper and lower casings and balancing machine having been finished.

The third year apprentices have completed their gearing sheets and made bell-pulleys and rope drives. McCrea has designed and drawn the plans for a bungalow, his strength of materials coming in handy to size up the beams and trusses.

Thornton is working on the stationary blades for the turbine, some of which are to be made of cast iron and others where the steam pressure is greatest are to be cast in steel.

Lind has the running wheels and shaft well under way, the latter to be made of nicked steel; while Sexton is drawing plans for the steam separator.

Bell, with Spring's help in the details, is drawing a gas engine.

Mr. Heymann recently received a peculiar job, having to design a machine with rotating pipes, to be under a large steam pressure, without friction and still have a tight connection. This is called Metallic Packing, and came

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from some outsider who refuses any information on the subject other than it is for a mysterious invention, probably some person perfecting a perpetual motion machine. The patterns and machinery, as well as the testing, have been done here at school.

MACHINE SHOP.

The Juniors have nearly all finished their hacksaws and will soon be at the lathes, although Lester Rankin is still filing his block, probably expecting to finish by the beginning of next year. The apprentices are doing many odd jobs; Clark has wound a motor for the boiler-room, the one now in use having been taken from Miss Bridgman's laboratory, thereby causing her much annoyance. Mr. Dixon also has his water pump in good working order, saving the "small" engineers a great deal of labor.

The Seniors, Chapman and King, are still working on the 9"x4" steam hoist; according to them mention of the hoist will make a good serial story.

Dow did some very nice work during the last quarter; finishing a dozen plumb bobs, of cast brass, with steel tips, for the University of California.

Smith has returned to the pipe-cutting machine, the work on which was dropped some time ago, and it is hoped he will have it set up in the near future.

BLACKSMITH SHOP.

The scarcity of work in the city is readily shown by a trip into our blacksmith shop. When work is plentiful the boys get plenty of experience on outside work, but when work is scarce they have to be content with the exercises. Usually, by this time, many of the boys have turned out some very creditable work, but this year they are restricted to the exercises on account of the prevailing conditions. Most of the boys are now upon the welding exercises, the making of chains and bars.

There are quite a number of Seniors in here this term. One or two of them have never taken this work before, but most of them are taking it to fill up their programs. What little outside work does come in goes to them. Crosby and Westphal have made two large iron gates for the chemical works, and Crosby and Rankin are making a large scoop for the same place.

FOUNDRY.

Mr. Lacoste is now breaking in a new class and has them working on the easier exercises. The last class turned out some good castings of flywheels, cogwheels, and the like. They, too, had no opportunity for doing outside work. Mr. Lacoste cast two or three small gas engines, but has had no large work. He expects to start on a casing for a turbine before long.

CHEMISTRY.

In both departments of the chemistry laboratory the work is progressing rapidly. The Senior apprentices, Johnson and Wales, have finished the analysis of Cowell Cement from the Cowell Cement Company, and are now engaged in soil analysis. They will have finished this and also the study of fertilizers before Christmas. The Juniors are working on a set of unknowns covering entire qualitative analysis, including acid analysis.

Merklebach is working with the Seniors at present, but will take up pharmaceutical chemistry under Mr. Tibbits, after Christmas.

The general chemistry classes have been studying solutions most of the time, with particular reference to the subject of electrolysis. After finishing this subject they will take up more general experiments.

The apprentices took a most enjoyable as well as instructive trip through the Cowell Cement Company's works. A pass was obtained from friends and all of the apprentices went, also several outsiders, including Mr. Heymann and Mr. Plumb. The chemists especially, were interested in

watching the cement in its different stages, from the raw material to the finished product.

The C. S. M. A. C. A. T. A. (California School of Mechanical Arts Chemistry Apprentices' Technical Association) is having a series of lectures on technical subjects, every two weeks, under the direction of Johnson. Each of the apprentices in turn gives a lecture on some subject technically interesting to chemists.

The officers of the club are: Grand Mogul, Johnson, '10; Grand Scribe, Wales, '10.

The following talks have been given by the club members this term:

"Geysers: Their Occurrence and Chemical Composition," by Wales, revised for our technical department in this issue; "The Manufacture and Constituency of Cement," "Rare Elements Used in Lighting," "Manufacture of Glass," and "Manufacture and Uses of Hydrogen Peroxide."

SEWING.

The first year girls are very busy finishing their sample books and we may expect to see some fine sewing from them in the future, as the work in the books shows their ability in dainty as well as practical sewing. When the books are completed, they will begin taking measures, drafting and cutting patterns, preliminary to the real making of garments.

The Sophomore girls, having drafted their patterns, are earnestly at work on their winter dresses, and have selected very pretty materials. Many of them favor the Moyenne dresses, while others have decided upon shirt-waist suits. The plain nine-gored skirt, as well as the nine-gored pleated skirt, seems to be popular among the girls.

Much interest is being shown by the Juniors in the hand-sewing which is assigned to them. Some very pretty designs have been embroidered on flannel and fine white materials. The girls have made rapid progress and on Founder's Day the third year sewing class received great praise from many of our lady visitors.

The Senior sewing class, although smaller than the other classes, has accomplished excellent results in the tailor sewing. The model tailored suits are nearly completed and the girls are all anxious to begin the making of their own suits.

COOKING.

This year the course in Domestic Science is taken up during the cooking periods, thereby giving the girls an excellent opportunity to gain a clear insight into the work. During the first quarter they had been interested in the study of Bacteria, and have been using a new text book, "Human Body and Health," prepared by Davison.

The plans for work previously practised in the cooking course, of studying, first, the breakfast dishes, then luncheon menus and, lastly, the course dinner, has been replaced by a plan worked out by Miss Hyde by which she hopes to produce very profitable results.

Included in the new plan is, first, a study of the preservation of foods. In connection with this, the canning and preserving of fruits and the making of jellies and jams is taken up.

This is followed by a study of the preparation of foods by means of heat and cold. Under the last named method, are the frozen desserts which the cooking classes find so appetizing.

The girls have made some very good soups and salads, some of these being served at the faculty table and pronounced a great success. They will soon take up the work with sugars, and we may anticipate some Christmas goodies in the form of fancy cakes and candy.

Athletics



THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

In looking over the past football season, we see an example of what might be termed a decided victory but which at the same time was not a championship. The squad started out with but two veterans of last year, the rest of the men having had little or no previous experience in the game.

From the circumstances just stated, one can easily imagine the task that was laid before the man who took the responsibility of acting as coach. Think of the time and hard work in facing such a duty. There was probably no other man who realized and better understood these conditions than the man who came to the front and offered his help at the start and stayed with us to the finish. This man was Sidney Holman, who captained the football team last year.

Night after night he has spent on the field with the boys coaching them. His earnestness and sincerity proved to be an inspiration to the team. They worked earnestly, learned the game and in short time practiced with the intelligence of an old squad. It is difficult to state the exact reason for not having the fortune of winning the championship. It might be said, however, that with the squad of this year and the coaching of this year, the team was in no way lacking the genuine Lick spirit which will eventually predominate over all other competitors. Too much praise cannot be given and appreciation shown to Coach Holman and the Middleton brothers for the spirit which they have instilled into athletics of this school.

Not only was the season a success along these lines, but also from a financial standpoint. In selecting the manager of the football team, the Board of Control made a very wise choice in Horace Sexton. Never before has such a large surplus from a football season been turned into the treasury. There has also been the greatest respect shown the manager by the squad and it is now time that the Student Body at large should recognize and appreciate the value of such a man.

Another man for whom the squad has the greatest respect is Captain Wetmore. He stands out as being a captain whose qualifications were unquestionable, being cool-headed, deliberate, and always able to act on the spur of the moment. Working against adverse circumstances his task was very difficult, yet through it all he maintained that true sportsmanship so necessary in the leader of any team.

FIRST LICK-POLYTECHNIC GAME.

This was a repetition of the first Lick-Wilmerding and the Lick-Alameda games of last year. Newspapers and athletic critics may rely on "dope," but we do not. Poly should have walked away with us, with their veteran team.

This was the "dope" of the "experts," but they didn't know that a Lick team won't let themselves be called beaten by a team of supposed better quality until they have shown it. And so it proved to be on October 16, much to the delight of the Lick rooters and girls. The large number of Lick graduates that attended the game gave a knowing wink, as much as to say, "Well, they still have the fight at the old school."

Poly won the toss and kicked off to us. The ball was run in for fifteen yards. By a few well-executed open plays the black and gold gained their yards twice and placed the ball near the center of the field. There Poly held like a stone wall and we were forced to punt. Then steadily and slowly, by just gaining their yards each time, Poly reached our twenty-yard line. A drop kick was tried by Poly which was unsuccessful and went over the line; this gave the Lick team the ball on the twenty-five-yard line in scrimmage. For the remainder of the half the ball was carried up and down the field in vain attempts of both sides to score. When the half ended the ball was near the center of the field.

As the teams trotted on the field for the second half the Lick rooting section threw yellow streamers over wires which were strung in front of the bleachers. This showed off to great advantage against the dark background. The ball was kicked off to Poly. They tried to gain their yards but failed and were forced to punt. By some puzzling trick plays the Lick team gained until they reached the Polytechnic twenty-five-yard line. Being fairly in front of the goal posts and having failed to gain enough yards in the first two downs to warrant another try to gain the ten yards, Al. Wetmore tried a place-kick. It came so near going over it scared the Poly supporters. They took a free kick from the twenty-five-yard line. The half ended with Poly getting dangerously near our goal. Score: Lick, 0; Poly, 0.

LICK-WILMERDING GAME.

Our old rivals and neighbors again! For the last three years they have given us a hard tussle, and the same was expected of them again. By the final score it can easily be seen that the wearers of the Blue and Gold compelled our Tigers to fight every minute. The line-up of our team had been changed considerably. Owing to the injury of Westphal and sickness of Stuhr we were short two fine tackles, so "Stiff" Wetmore and "Shark" Thornton were changed from guard to tackle. Kahrt and G. Henderson were put in their places at guard. Although new positions, they played them very creditably. "Lead" Smith was back in the game and played right half-back.

The game was one of the best of the season as an example of the new rules. The open play on both sides was very good. Lick kicked off to Wilmerding, who advanced the ball ten yards. They gained their yards twice by well-placed bucks, but were held on their next two attempts and had to punt. With good gains by Riemer and Captain Wetmore the ball was advanced to Wilmerding's twenty-yard line, but there they lost the ball on downs. Wilmerding punted, and again the Tigers advanced the ball to within four yards of the goal. At this point Wilmerding's defense was like a stone wall and we failed to score. Wilmerding punted out of danger. The punt was returned soon afterward and poor handling of the ball on the part of the Wilmerding players resulted in the only score of the game. Crowe dropped the ball, which rolled behind the goal line. Another Wilmerding player attempted to run the ball onto the field again but was tackled behind the line. This was a safety and netted us two points. The half ended soon after.

The next half was featureless except for the successful working of the forward pass by both sides. The game ended with the score: Lick 2, Wilmerding 0.

LICK-COGSWELL GAME.

O what's the use? It was expected that much difficulty would be experienced in defeating Cogswell's football eleven, because of their defeat of Wilmerding and of the small score by which we defeated the same school. But our opinions were changed before the first half was very far advanced. The Lick team started with a rush and soon mounted up a large score. "Cackie" Moullen, the well-remembered guard of our championship teams in '04 and '05, was present and told the team to "play like thunder." And "play like thunder" they did. Ernest Smith was playing his old position at end, which made a noticeable change in the strength of that side of the line.

Cogswell received the ball on the kick-off but failed to gain their yards and punted. After a few minutes of play a long forward pass was made to Barkis who was not stopped until he reached the two-yard line. With a couple of bucks Wetmore put the ball over the line for a touchdown. He kicked the goal. Score: Lick 6, Cogswell 0.

We received the kick-off, but only a few minutes elapsed before we again crossed the line for a touchdown. Barkis received another long forward pass and eluding the Cogswell tacklers he put the ball over the line. Wetmore failed to kick the goal. Score: Lick 11, Cogswell 0.

Cogswell kicked off to us again and by a series of plays the Lick team forced the ball to Cogswell's thirty-five yard line near the side line. By a well-executed "side-line" play Henderson carried the ball over the goal line for another touchdown. Wetmore easily kicked the goal. Score: Lick 17, Cogswell 0.

Near the close of the first half Henderson made another touchdown by a buck. Captain Wetmore failed to kick the goal. When time was called the score stood 22-0.

The next half was uninteresting. The Lick team certainly couldn't have burned the earth with their efforts, although another six points were gained by us. By an accident Cogswell made a touchdown this half. A blocked drop-kick was caught by a Cogswell player who ran for a touchdown. The goal was kicked. Final score: Lick 28, Cogswell 6.

SECOND LICK-POLYTECHNIC GAME.

This game was to play off the tie of the first game and eventually to settle the sub-league championship. After defeating Cogswell by a larger score than that by which Poly defeated them it looked very promising for us, but ill-fate seemed to tag on our heels before the game as well as during it. The result was, we were defeated by a lone touchdown, which was certainly not the Lick team's fault, as everyone knows. This is the first time in six years we have lost the S. F. sub-league championship in football, and we must hand it to Poly's veteran team this time. The night before the game Al Wetmore, our crack little fullback, accidentally ran into a wagon and tore a muscle in his leg, making it impossible for him to play the next day. The team missed him very much, but played their very best. "Ham" Bell, who took his place, played a fine game, but did not have the experience of Wetmore.

The support was excellent, and if the student body will turn out and support the other branches of athletics in the future as they did football on that occasion, it will help to win many championships for us. Try it next year! Nearly the whole team will return to school and with the fine material in the school and as good coaching as they have had this year, we may be able to add another cup to our collection.

The game began by Lick kicking off to Poly, who ran the ball in for ten yards. By a fine buck they tore through our line for fifteen yards. The next two tries failed to gain for Poly and they attempted to kick, but Thornton blocked it and fell on the ball. Riemer made a successful forward pass to Wynne, who ran twenty yards before he was stopped. The next two downs failed to gain us

our yards so Reimer punted. Poly gained fifteen yards on an end run. The next two downs failed; Lick held and the black and red were forced to punt. Then the Tigers started on a steady march toward Poly's goal. A forward pass, a quarterback run and good gains by Henderson and Riemer brought the ball to the thirty-five yard line. Wynne tried a place kick, but it was blocked and a Poly man fell on the ball. By a few good gains the ball reached the middle of the field again. Then came our Waterloo. Poly made a forward pass which was touched by a Lick man and then recovered by Roncovieri of Poly, who eluded Wynne and ran to a touchdown.

The Lick team kicked off. Our team were rather discouraged by this setback and Polytechnic almost scored another touchdown. The whistle being the only thing that prevented another score for Poly.

The second half started and ended with a determined fight by our team. The ball was in the black and red territory most of the time and the Lick eleven clearly outplayed them. "Dutch" Riemer made some splendid long punts and with the constant fumbles by the Poly backs the ball was kept near their goal-line most of the time. Poly's team showed an unsportsman-like attitude during the whole second half. They were deliberately slow about all of their actions so as to kill time and deaden our chances of scoring. Final score, Poly, 6; Lick, 0.

Poly's action in delaying the game seemed uncalled for as they undoubtedly had the better team. Their success was due mainly to good tackling and the ability of their back field to form an interference. Our team, however, fought like veterans and deserve great credit for their work.

INTERCLASS FOOTBALL.

At the present time there remains but one game (the 1910-1912 game) of the Interclass League to be played; however, the team of the Class of 1911 has defeated all the other class teams, and so won the interclass championship and the right to have its class numerals inscribed on the Interclass Football Cup.

The line-up of the 1911 team in the final game with 1912 was:

Moore	Center
McNair	Right Guard
Alsworth	Left Guard
Garcia	Left Tackle
Clark	Right Tackle
Black	Left End
Young (Manager).....	Right End
Chapman	Quarter
Hollingberry (Captain).....	Right Half
Carlson	Full
Sexton	Left Half

At the end of the season Captain Al. Wetmore and Manager Sexton of the big team will pick an All Interclass Team which will be given in the next issue of the TIGER.

BASEBALL.

Fall baseball practice has started. No more pads and crutches, but gloves and bats. Captain "Mike" Winter thinks the prospects are bright for a winning team and asks for the helping hand of all who can toss a ball. Two teams will probably play against each other and a representative nine will be picked from them.

With five veterans back in school the prospects certainly look promising. Winter, Barkis, Messemer, Wynne and Smith are in school, but by the looks of the rest of the material on hand they will have to play good baseball to insure them their positions. The failure of Jimmy Holt to return to school

has left a weak spot in the team, but Messemer is a good curve artist, and with a little more speed should be a good pitcher.

The rest of the high schools in the city will all have strong teams, so encourage the boys all you can and support them at the games.

A. A. L. INDOOR MEET.

For the first time in the history of the league an indoor track meet was held under the auspices of the Academic Athletic League on October 2 at the Auditorium. It certainly proved to be a great success, especially for our old rivals, Lowell, who won the meet with 28 points. After San Jose, Healdsburg, Cogswell, and Wilmerding, Lick and Alameda came into the limelight with ten points respectively, Polytechnic, Oakland Poly, Mission and Petaluma followed in the order with smaller scores.

Probably the most interesting of the races was the 75-yard dash which was substituted for the 100-yard dash. In the first heat "our" Rogers beat R. Hollis, the crack Cogswell sprinter, winning the heat in fast time of 8:2-5. In the finals Rogers was blocked by another man who took his lane and Hollis won out in the comparatively slow time of 8:4-5. Rogers, however, managed to get fourth place and thereby made a point.

In the 220-yard dash, Tooker was there with a close second in the finals, making Cohn of Lowell fight to the finish for first place. Captain Bell put up a strong fight in the two-mile race and had Lunt of Mission worried right straight through, but Lunt's finish was marvelous and Bell came second. In the meantime plucky little Richardson was fighting it out with Greenwood of Oakland Poly. Richardson was certainly a game loser and deserves a great deal of credit for beating out the many other competitors and making fourth place.

Instead of a Mile Relay, as is usually run off in the meets, a Half-Mile Relay was substituted. Heats were run off in this event also. We won our heat against San Jose but in the finals we could only manage to get third place.

Lowell and Lick had the best rooting sections at the meet but on account of the crowded condition of the gallery neither school could do itself justice along these lines.

B. C. A. L. FIELD DAY.

The Bay Counties field day was a decided victory for Oakland High. Even Berkeley with their much-heralded track team did not have Oakland baffled as to the score. There was one event, however, where the Oakland man was put down to defeat and this was in the 100-yard dash. Hollis of Cogswell won the event in 10:1-5 seconds, tying the record. Woods of Berkeley came second and Dickson, third. The only other event in which we managed to make a point was in the 220-yard dash. Tooker captured a third place; Todd, of Oakland and Scott of Berkeley managing to get first and second places respectively. The final score stood: Oakland 58, Berkeley 35, Alameda 21, Cogswell 20, Lick 2, Oakland Poly 1. Lowell did not enter a team, having dropped out of the league.

One notable event of the meet was the fine way in which the Berkeley team was supported by the rooters although they were losing. The Oakland rooting section was naturally as enthusiastic as any school is when winning.

THE S. F. A. L. FIELD DAY.

After many delays on account of rain and inability to procure the U. C. Oval, the S. F. A. L. Field Day took place on the Berkeley oval October 16.

The first race to be run off was the 50-yard dash. Maynard and Dickson both qualified for the finals and took third and fourth place in that event respectively. In the two-mile the only man to place was Richardson, who came in fourth. Both Rogers and Dickson qualified for the finals of the 100-yard

dash, but Rogers proved to be the most successful and took a third place. Hollis of Cogswell won the event in the record time of :10:1-5. We also saw Rogers a point winner in the 220-yard dash along with Tooker. Hollis broke the record in this event, running the distance in :23:1-5. Rogers came a close second, Cohn (Lowell) third, Tooker fourth. The mile run started off with a large bunch of competitors. Sommers of Lowell captured this event with Dovel of Cogswell second. Captain Bell finished third and Hartwell of Cogswell fourth. Hohman and Corker were the most prominent Tigers in the field events. The high jump was won by Hohman, Kendrick of Cogswell being his closest competitor. In the shot put Hohman placed third. Corker took fourth place in the broad jump, almost beating Hollis of Cogswell out for the third place.

The relay was fought out between Lick and Lowell for the supremacy from the start to the finish, with Lick slightly to the good when Meyer of Lowell entered. He carried his colors across the tape first and won the race for his team. The final score was: Cogswell 64, Lowell 40, Lick 26, Mission 17, Wilmerding 14, Poly 10, Commercial 3.

THE A. A. L. FIELD DAY.

For the first time in many years the A. A. L. field day was held in San Francisco. The victory was annexed in the final event of the day, the relay race. Fort Bragg and Cogswell were tied for first place with Alameda third and San Jose fourth. In the first lap of the team race, the San Jose man was in the lead by fifteen yards, the second man being Maynard. Tooker pulled upon the next San Jose man to about an even finish when Smith spurted out in the lead. But towards the end of the lap the San Jose man gained ground and finished two yards ahead. Clark then entered the race and beat his man out by two yards. Dickson running next gained another two or three yards. Then Rogers running the last lap won the race with eight yards to the good.

As San Jose came second it gave them the necessary points (28) to claim the victory of the Field Day.

Fort Bragg and Cogswell tied for second place with 24 points each, Alameda came third with 23, Lick fourth with 19, Healdsburg 18, Willits 8, Ukiah 4, Wilmerding 3, San Mateo 2, Polytechnic 1.

Next to the relay race the 220-yard dash was most interesting, the closest competition this season against R. Hollis of Cogswell being that put up by Rogers. The race was run in the fast time of 0:24 and Rogers was scarcely beaten by his experienced opponent. This looks promising for the coming season.

Owing to the immense interest taken in football by the athletes and by the Student Body at large, it is probable that the next season will develop a great amount of new material and strengthen the track team to considerable extent.

THE B. C. A. L. SWIMMING MEET.

The B. C. A. L. swimming meet, held at the Olympic Club, Friday evening, October 29, was quite a success for the Lick team. There was some doubt about the school entering a team in this meet on account of receiving late notice of the meet. A week before the meet Captain Margo decided to enter a team. The team put in good training during the week and were in good condition for the meet, Friday night. The support was not very good, but was excusable on account of the S. F. A. L. field day and the Lick-Cogswell football game, the next day.

In the 100-yard dash, Dreyer got third place after a hard fight; Grey, O. H. S., and Gilbert, C. P. C., being first and second.

In the 220-yard dash, Halbert got off late, but caught up with the other contestants, and beat out Hunter of Berkeley for fourth place.

In the 440-yard and 880-yard swim, Kitto of Oakland High was the winner, establishing two new world's interscholastic records. Margo placed third in the quarter, and won a second place in the half-mile.

The relay team composed of Manager Dreyer, Halbert, Rohrback, De-leray, Litchfield, and Foster was disqualified for interfering with the Cogswell team. With a little experience and practice it will prove a strong contender for first place in the A. A. L.

At the end of the meet, the score stood: Oakland 21 points, Mission 8, Cogswell 6, Lick 5, Wilmerding 4, Berkeley High 1.

Girls' Basket-ball

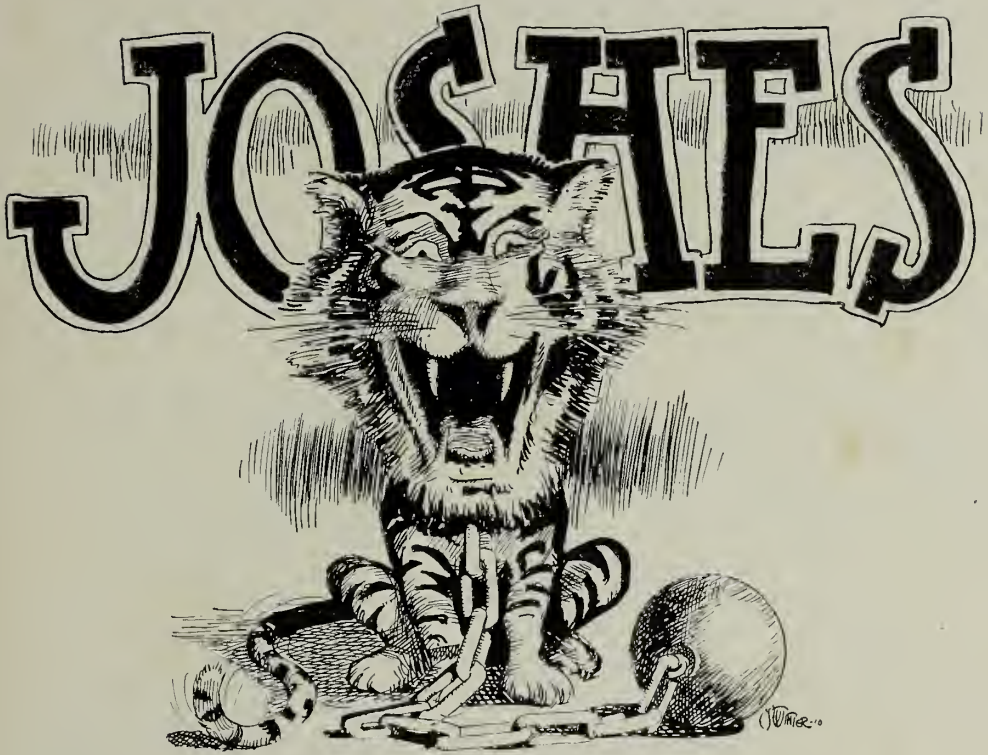
So far the Girls' Basket-ball team has played two games with the Girls' High School team. The first game was played on our court and the girls made a fair showing, despite the fact that they have been without a coach for the past six months, and still have none. The principal feature of the game was the excellent team work of the Lick girls. The Girls' High team, which is not used to an outdoor court, and especially such a large one as ours, appeared rather lost on it, but nevertheless made a good showing. The ruling on fouls was very strict, but both teams failed to annex many points by the throwing of free goals. The game was a close one, and when the whistle blew at the end of the second half the score stood 12 to 9 in favor of the Lick team.

The line-up of the Lick team was: Goals—Miss Herbert and Miss H. Felderman; Guards—Miss S. Felderman, Miss Mitchell and Miss Todd; Centers—Miss Mathis, Miss Boyd, Miss C. Bachmann and Miss Woodhams.

Miss Bachmann and Miss Todd, who are both Freshman girls, show what Freshmen can do by trying in practice. Both played exceptionally well and should prove valuable players in the future.

The second game was played at the Y. M. H. A. hall. Our girls did not play as well in this game as in the first, owing to the strangeness of the court. The court is also very slippery and smaller than ours, so that the girls would often slide over the field lines and then look surprised when the whistle was blown for a foul. Miss H. Felderman succeeded in making many goals in this game, and the good guarding of Miss Mitchell showed the result of steady practice. The game was more interesting than the first and ended with a score of 18 to 18.

During the past few weeks the school team has not had much chance to practice, owing to the close preparation of the class teams for the interclass series. All of the classes have succeeded in training a team of seven girls, except the Seniors, who only succeeded in getting five, but Miss Gillette, Miss Elliot and Miss Fraser finally consented to complete the team, so that the Seniors might take part in the series. By the time this issue appears the games will be over and the winner of the cup decided. The Junior-Freshman and the Senior-Freshman games have already been played. The Juniors defeated the Freshmen, and the Freshmen defeated the Seniors by a score of 8 to 7. After the interclass is over the big team will be able to practice steadily and hope to play some good games.



1913 LETTER TO ST. NICHOLAS.

dear Santa Claus:

plese Santa I've ben a terrebley good boy this year and so will you bring me sumthing for crismas, I hope you will bring what I ask for becuz I don't want mutch, just a gun, sum roler skates, a black and gold hat band, a yellow swetter with C. S. M. A., '13, on it, sum candy for miss Otto, she is my inglish teecher and she gave me P on my report card, that means perfect, and so I want her to have sum rock candy becuz I like that best, and miss Otto is awfully nice two and I also wood like a pear of bocksing gloves and a dolar for sum Tigres, and anythin else you can bring. my stoking is the big one at the end, If it won't hold everything put it in the box behind the skreen, but nobody but me and you won't know about that. be shure you put the things in **MY** stoking, its biger en Jonnies becuz he is smaler than I am and he aint ben so good nether so don't give him so mutch, as what you give me and besides he asked for morn I did anyway. plese bring sum candy for me all by myself two, but bring sister sum so I won't have to give her none of mine, and oh I nearly forgot, plese bring me a pretsel that has lots of sugar on it that I can give to Mr. Dutch Riemer, hes a awful popular boy and hes a senyor two, (I know he noticed me becuz he borrowed too car tickets from me, Nixon saw it and he was terreble jellus, Im glad he asked me first.) Well, I gess I must close becuz I don't know nuthing more to say so good nite.

From your luving frend

MERVYN CODY.

One of our Freshmen entered a barber shop and asked to be shaved. After carefully covering his face with lather, the tonsorial artist sat down and began to read the paper.

"What are you waiting for," queried the Scrub.

"For your beard to grow, little one, so I can shave you," replied the heartless knight of the razor.

THE TIGER.



"Ham": "Hey, 'Dutch'! Thought you were in the hospital with the measles."

"Dutch": "Huh! Broke out."



Say, what is this terrible din?
Margo went to the bay and jumped in!
The water was wet,
Quite damp he did get.
Nevertheless, he will do it agin.

Pa.—What makes you look so dirty, son
Son—Oh, I bin rootin' at the game.

Pitch—What's the best way to teach a girl how to swim?
Margo—Oh, easy,—first you put your left arm around her waist, and gently take her left hand, then—
Pitch—Oh come off, she's my sister.
Margo—Aw; shove her off the dock.

NOTICE TO FRESHMEN:

Don't think because Al Wetmore wears a No. 3 shoe that he is in any way effeminate.



House—That fellow Carlson gave me a distinct shock to-day; why he has absolutely no respect whatsoever for old age.

Steel—Why, how's that?

House—Well, I actually saw him laughing at one of your jokes!

1911—Say, Senior, I think your class is the best in school.

1910—Sorry I can't return the compliment.

1911—You could if you told as big a lie as I did.

THEY AGREED WITH HIM.

In Mechanics. Mr. Plumb—"I will now put on the board a formula for finding the Pure Rotation." He goes to the board and puts on the following formula:

$$G \frac{(D^2X \frac{4y+V^1}{P} \frac{V+T}{Y-V} \frac{4x}{DV})}{P \frac{X+V^1}{M}} = \text{Pure Rot.}$$

Senior (showing a scrub around the engine room)—This is the fly wheel.

'13—Oh! is that to keep the flies out of the engine?

Miss S. (Eng. III)—Define "pompous words."

Bright One—Big words with little meaning. Example, Hirschler.

Scrub—Does cutting a period make a comma?

Senior—If the office gets wise there's usually a pause.



Rogers and Gladstone are two happy Scrubs,
Full of the mischief for such little dubs,
Make marks of all of us, for their bright wit,
Better look out, boys, you might get the mit,
Then you will toddle home, little hearts sore,
Wishing you hadn't used jokes so galore.

THE TIGER.



There is a young fellow called Steel,
Looks as if he needed a meal,
They say he's a wit,—
Now I'd better quit
For I don't know how this makes him feel.

GOODNESS NOSE!

When the clerk informed the customer that the handkerchiefs were seven dollars each, the latter remarked:

"No siree! That's too much money to blow in!"

In Scrub Algebra—Let X = the price of 1 cent.

AT BILL'S.

Corker—Say, Bill, this cider isn't clear.

Bill—You're the third fool that told me the same thing. Can't you see it's only the dirty glass that gives it that appearance?

Said Ora to Ethel, on coming to class,
"Oh horrors, I must have forgotten my pass,"
Said Ethel to Ora, "Don't worry, my lass,
You'll sure be forgiven, by coming to Maass."

I wish I'd a studied when I was a kid instead of
being a dog-on college student

There was a young fellow named Fred,
Whose hair was exceedingly—"auburn."
If he'd but try
A little black dye,
'Twould greatly improve his light head!

There is a Lick secretary
Whom they say is quite solitary,
Plaid kilts, so they say
From Scotland, o'er the way;
Have **they** cause for his not being merry?

PROBABLE.

"I hear a burglar broke into the TIGER office last night."

"Did he get anything?"

"O no, but after a hard struggle 'Brick' succeeded in robbing the burglar."



Say you chaps, support these ads,
Don't be slow, go tell your dads;
The advertisers will soon see
That mighty good boosters we can be.
Stationers, tailors, merchants, too,
Clothiers, confectioners, (we're not through),
Athletic-goods houses, and the like,
Fellows, support them, they're all right.

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ROBERT B. FINN, Secretary.

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SAN FRANCISCO

BABBITT METALS
SOLDER and GALVANIZINGN. W. Corner
SECOND and HARRISON STS.**AS THEY HEARD IT.**

A blizzard is the inside of a hen.
 Oxygen is a thing that has eight sides.
 The equator is a menagerie lion running 'round the earth.
 The cuckoo never lays its own egg.—Ex.

TO THE TUNE OF "SCHOOL DAYS."

Freshmen, Freshmen, dear little darling Freshmen,
 You are the joy and the pride of our school,
 Next year you'll be beginning to rule.
 You are our babies to carefully tend,
 We are your guardians, your sorrows to mend.
 You come here to study and work really hard,
 But you are only Freshmen!

Freshman—Say, Westphal, how did you get that cut over your eye?
 Windy (calmly)—I bit it.
 Freshman—Bit it! How did you bite it?
 Windy—I climbed up on a chair, hung my head over and then reached up and bit it.

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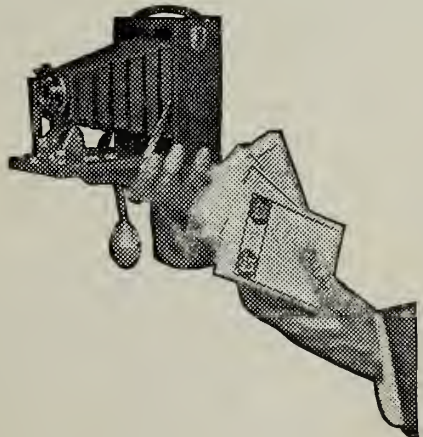
Author of Tiger Story—Say, Chat, I can't read your criticism.
Chatfield—You can't! Why any dub can read that, hand it here, and
I'll tell you what it says.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Miss Adams—Pitchford, recite the powers of Congress.

Pitch.—Aw—er—er.

Miss A.—Yes, that's right; so far no mistake.

Lickite (at Bill's)—"Got any stale bread?"

"Sure, kid."

Lickite—"Serves you right, you should have sold them when they were fresh."

Never give up hope. Even the married man has a fighting chance.



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fetched me a handful of cracked wheat.



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"Did you ever try putting a piece of wedding cake under your pillow, in order to find out whom you'll marry?"

"I tried it once, and the very next week the girl I dreamed about went and committed suicide."

"Gee, I bet she dreamed on a piece of the same cake."—Ex.

When the Algebra students get the "X's" they will soon get "Y's."



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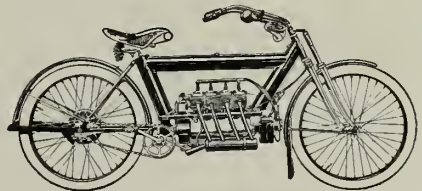
SAN FRANCISCO

Johnny's papa wore a wig
Upon his barren head,
But Johnny's papa kept it dark,
Altho' his beard was red.

And so on Christmas morn at eight
When John got out of bed,
He ran into his father's room,
And this is what he said:

"I saw old Santa Claus last night,
I hid behind a chair;
And he's an ugly little runt,
Without a gosh-darned hair!"—Ex.

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Don't wear pajamas just because the invitation reads "Evening Dress."

Don't wear a loud suit simply because you're going to call on a deaf man.

Don't wear a suit with a check in it to the races.

Don't appear in your shirt sleeves, even on a warm day. The exception to this rule is when you wear a shirt from "The Hastings."

To make your trousers last, simply make your coat first.

Are trousers singular or plural? If a man has them on, they're plural. If he is without them it's certainly singular.

Be careful of your personal appearance—it is the part of a gentleman to be neat. The public is critical on this point. "The Hastings" can fit you out with the things a gentleman wears.

"I confess I can not help forming some opinion of a man's sense and character from his dress."—Lord Chesterfield to his son.

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The hobo sighed dejectedly and wondered why some one did not invent toothless bulldogs, as well as thornless cactus.

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The parsons and preachers and
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And deacons all over the Coast,
They all of them think it not
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GRAIN

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NEVER FEEL HUNGRY
IT'S BAD

He—I could waltz on to heaven with you!
She—Can you reverse?—Ex.

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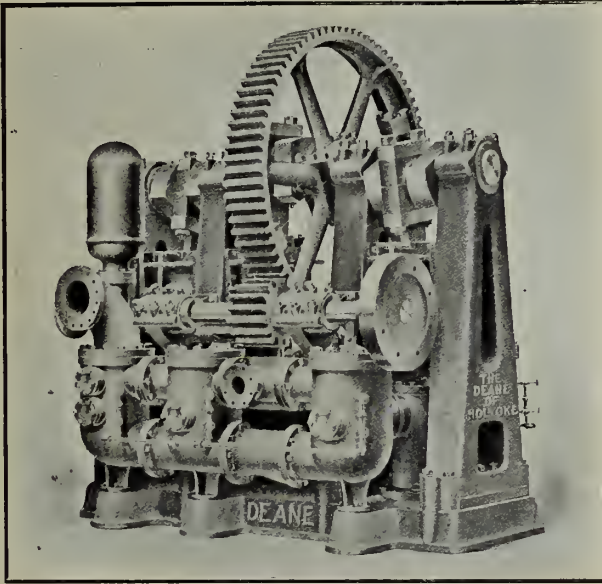
'Tis midnight and the setting sun
Is sweetly rising in the West,
The rapid rivers slowly run,
The frog has sought his downy nest,
The pensive goat and sportive cow
Hilarious leap from bough to bough.
And that is Love!



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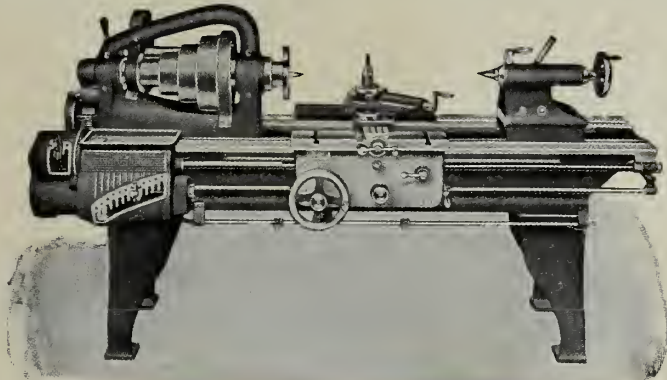
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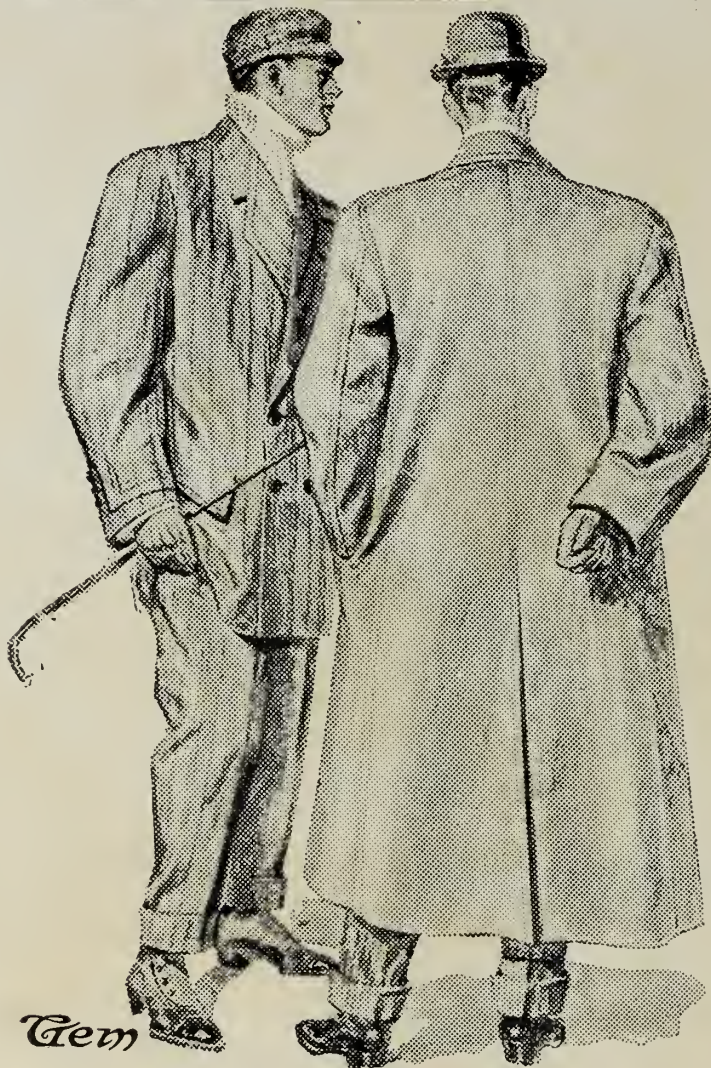
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